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TRUSTS FROM
VARIOUS
STANDPOINTS.

In the current issue of the Independent there is a very interesting symposium on "the question of trusts" and "how much public control is possible or necessary." The contributors are John B. Clark, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University, who writes on "Trusts and the Law;" Henry D. Lloyd, the distinguished author of "Wealth Against Commonwealth," who writes on "The Oil Combination;" S. C. T. Dodd, attorney for the Standard Oil Company, who writes on "The War Against Wealth;" Professor R. T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, who writes on "The Situation and the Remedy;" George Gunton, editor of Gunton's Magazine, who writes on "Large Aggregations of Capital;" O. K. Stuart, a Philadelphia manufacturer, who writes on "The Value of Trusts;" George T. Manson, who writes on "The History of the Sugar Trust;" and Daniel De Leon, editor of the People's newspaper, who writes on "The Socialist View of the Trust."

Naturally, the opinions expressed by this company of essayists are as various as the writers. Professor Clark declares that anti-trust laws have failed of their objects, and thinks that potential competition is our only safeguard against oppression by the combinations. Mr. Lloyd gives a brief account of the Standard Oil Company in the course of which he says the present value of the trust is over \$25,000,000, all "created out of nothing" in thirty years, besides the enormous profits in dividends all that time. The men who did this had no capital to start with, according to Mr. Lloyd, and for a long period had less capital than their competitors, whom they drove, one after another, out of business. The secret of their success in enriching themselves, Mr. Lloyd tells us, and in ruining everybody else in the business, was their "ability to acquire facilities for transportation," which means that they induced the railroads to give them rebates, to put up price rates for the other oil shippers, and to pay to the Standard the extortionate sums collected from its unsuspecting rivals.

Professor Ely discusses the subject in a very scholarly and dispassionate manner. He says it is useless to continue to oppose the trusts on the present lines of opposition because such opposition has not accomplished anything. The remedy, in his opinion, is "public ownership of businesses which are monopolistic in their character and their management by public agents in the interests of society." He finds a growing tendency to look at government in a new way and a general idea that "the evolution of society has made the old idea of simple government inapplicable to present conditions." He is in favor of more nearly apportioning taxation according to ability to bear taxation.

Mr. Gunton asserts that "capitalistic methods" in the thirty years between 1860 and 1891 caused an average fall in prices of about 4 per cent and an average rise in wages of 68 per cent, thus increasing the purchasing power of a day's work slightly more than 72 per cent. The tendency toward aggregations of capital in productive enterprise is "economically sound, socially advantageous and necessary to modern progress," because trusts "improve the quality and reduce the price of commodities; they are more favorable than smaller concerns to an increase in wages; by introducing scientific precision into industry they tend to increase the permanence of employment and reduce the tendency to industrial depression." Therefore "all the influences of society should be made to support" the trusts, except, of course, when they are mere agreements to raise prices. This line of defence is followed by Mr. Stuart. He italicizes his belief that "there must be a check to competition," which forces merchants to advertise. As the trust checks competition it can sell its product "with the least possible effort and expense." As it destroys the necessity for advertising, which often induces mendacity, the trust is "not only a conservator of energy and of wealth, it is a conservator of morals and of religion."

Mr. Dodd also points out the benefits of trusts in general and of the Standard Oil Company in particular. The oil combination is "a great and beneficial industry." Opposition to it is based—strange as it may seem, but Mr. Dodd says it all in one breath—upon "pure individualism" and also upon "the general socialistic warfare against wealth." Those who attack trusts believe that "prosperity is only accumulation by spoliation." They are waging "war against character." They are engaged in "a mad attempt to create class hatred." From their attacks "the reputation of no capitalist is safe." Mr. Manson's article is only a review of various investigations into the Sugar Trust.

The socialist view of trusts, as stated by Mr. De Leon, is that the trust is the highest form of collective development "under the system of private ownership of the machinery of production." It has destroyed competition in every industry into which it has been introduced, and society has consequently been differentiated into three classes—"the proletariat, who, no longer able to exercise their labor function without access to" the competition-destroying machinery of production, "are reduced to the level of merchandise and compelled to sell their labor power in the labor market for a living; the middle class, who, though armed with tools sufficiently powerful to exclude the tool-less class, find it harder and harder to hold their own in competition with the more powerful and ever-perfecting tools held by the class above; and the capitalist class, who, possessed of the prerequisites for successful competition, can shift work from their own to the shoulders of the proletariat, can live in idleness upon profits—i. e., upon the difference between their employees produce and the wages paid them, the market price of labor; and can, with their more abundant and cheaper production, undersell the class below and reduce it to the grade of proletarians." The solution of the problem, Mr. De Leon thinks, can be only collective ownership of the sources and the machinery of production.

DIFFERENTIAL
RATES AGAINST
NEW YORK.

It has for a good while been well known that there is a tendency of commercial movement hostile to New York. One can easily fancy various possible reasons for this diversion. The energy of others ports, would-be rivals in the export and import trade, who avail themselves of every opportunity to wrest from this city some fragment of her commercial supremacy, counts for something. But this cannot explain the losses which the volume of commerce at this port has met, and which have been going on for the last twenty-five years. The carelessness of the constituted authorities and the great commercial bodies in failing to perfect the utilities of this great port in its ability to harbor and encourage commerce is a powerful agency. But this, it is asserted, does not measure all the bottom facts.

It appears that there has been a discrimination on the part of the forty-four railroads composing the Joint Traffic Association against this city. Differential rates have greatly favored Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Newport News, New Orleans, etc., in the matter of heavy export shipments. This has occasioned the formulation of charges by the Produce Exchange before the Interstate Commerce Commission, which were presented yesterday in this city. The claim is made that the differential rates made against

New York are purely arbitrary and without any substantial reason. They place an enormous charge in total on the traffic of New York and the shipments to this point from interior ports. The details of this accusation are rehearsed as will be just to New York.

No doubt, in substance, this indictment as to differential rates is true. But, as admitted by the petitioners themselves, there is reason behind the action of the railroads, which somewhat shifts the burden of blame. Rival ports have in every way possible stimulated their own interests by such devices as free storage, free insurance, remission of elevator charges and the reduction in general of all terminal charges to a minimum. They have pushed every resource of commercial sagacity to divert business for their own advantage, and surely this is not to be imputed against them as a sin. If other ports can offer greater attractions to shippers, in spite of the unvaried natural advantages of New York, why should this city complain? Railroads naturally yield to those inducements which best favor their interests.

That the heavy charges on commerce, which have grown up in this city by its own concurrence, have been injurious to its trade is indisputable. It lies within the power of the city, by a wise and far-seeing provision of the best possible port facilities, to recover its lost ground. The root of the difficulty lies here, not in railway discrimination. Other things being equal, the advantage will rest with New York. The sooner this great city realizes that the remedy rests with herself the better. It seems to us that the Produce Exchange is begging the question in its plaints of wrongdoing.

THE
RUBBER TRUST
AGAIN.

This means that more than 500 residents of Bristol who have depended upon the factory for their livelihood will be deprived of their only possible means of subsistence in Bristol. About 1,700 others were thrown out of work when the Trust acquired the plant and have never been taken back.

This news, which is charged with human misery, is in perfect harmony with the methods of the Rubber Trust. This corporation was organized in 1892 with an authorized capital of \$50,000,000. It soon acquired fifteen rubber factories which had been competing freely with one another for nearly all the business in the country. Having paid a fee of \$200,000 to Charles R. Flint, another of \$100,000 to H. B. Hollins & Co., and another of \$100,000 to Joseph P. Earle for their services in "promoting" the Trust, the Trust shut down about half of its factories. Then it made factors' agreements with the trade under which dealers received a rebate of 7 per cent if they did not sell under the prices fixed by the Trust. As a consequence, though times have been hard and the prices of other commodities have declined, the Trust's products have risen in price from 20 to 40 per cent. The net annual profits were \$2,339,791.50—the gross expenses being only \$293,148. This was during the year ended last May. In other words, the Trust made a profit of \$7 on every dollar of expenses. December 23, 1896, the Trust declared a dividend of 2 per cent on common stock. This, after paying 8 per cent on preferred stock, left \$1,221,712.38, to which must be added the surplus earnings for the year ending April 1, 1897. As these probably amount to fully \$3,000,000, the net surplus of the Trust today cannot be less than \$5,000,000.

Looking first upon that picture, let us now look on this: In Bristol 2,200 human beings thrown upon the world. In Woonsocket and Millville, R. I., 2,500 people in distress, 1,200 out of work. Since the Trust acquired the plants in these places the Millville operatives have averaged only one-third time, on reduced wages. In Woonsocket the factory has been shut down nearly half the time, and wages have also been reduced. August 13, 1896, the two big factories closed, ostensibly on account of the agitation for bimetallism, and several thousands of persons were left destitute. August 21, 1896, for the same ostensible reason, the factory in New Haven was closed and 1,300 persons were thrown out of work. In February of this year 500 persons were deprived of employment by the closing of the factory at Setauket, L. I. At other times three factories, employing 3,000 persons, at New Brunswick, N. J., have been shut down, also one employing 700 persons, at Colchester, Conn.; one employing 500 persons, at Franklin, Mass., and one employing 500 persons, at Milltown, N. J. In all these cases wages had been reduced by the Trust so that the average earnings of the employees was not over 75 cents a day, and that only about one-third of the time. Many of these factories have been torn down or sold, their machinery demolished in either case. All these towns have suffered severely, and some of them have practically been destroyed.

Meanwhile, rubber shoes that before the Trust's formation cost the jobber 35 cents now cost 65 cents a pair, an increase of nearly 100 per cent; the public has to pay this, in addition to two profits more; and the Trust has accumulated \$5,000,000 more than it has dared to divide. And such, we are assured, is the inevitable tendency of modern business. If that is so, it will be interesting to see how long it can continue before it comes into violent contact with the irresistible tendency of the people to keep from starving to death.

PLACE
AUX
DAMES.

An amusing comedy in political life at Washington has come to light. There was a cynical Spanish monarch who was wont to say "Who was she?" when any mysterious imbrolio was brought to his notice. The interested public do not need to put this query as to the shelving of ex-Governor Merriam, of Minnesota, who was supposed to have been the choice of President McKinley for Ambassador to Germany. The quarrel between the lovely fair in this matter, which has culminated in a diplomatic faux pas, is a matter of ancient parochial history in Minnesota.

As the story is told in sufficient detail, the wife of Senator Davis, of the above-mentioned State, who is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, was socially cut by the wife of Governor Merriam, who was the leader of the St. Paul "Upper Ten." Wherefore it is not now necessary to state. That is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. But the insulted one brooded in an implacable spirit of revenge, and bided her time. All things come to one that waits, and the time at last came. Governor Merriam was anxious to go to Berlin. The Presidential "Barkis was willin'." But at this juncture a word from Senator Davis put sackcloth and ashes on the Merriams. The President, sharply alive to number one and the importance of amity with the chairman of the Senate Committee, revoked his choice. Such is the Washington and St. Paul gossip.

Pretty Peggy Timberlake set official society in an uproar in Jackson's time. But not since then has there been such a nice little politico-feminine scandal at the capital. Women play many amusing antics in modern American society, but they do not get a chance to mix in the higher political intrigues here as often as they do abroad. Perhaps it is coming to this, however. The extension of woman's sphere is one of the shibboleths of the contemporary reformer. The Davis-Merriam diplomatic comedy reveals untold possibilities which will give the keenest joy to feminine ambition.

A Moment with
the Chappies.

THERE is no mistaking the professional wine agent. His swing, his swagger and his push are unchangeable. He comes on the scene of action early and stays all day and most of the night. He is conspicuous at festive gatherings and is a familiar figure in all places of public resort. He slaps everybody on the back and everybody calls him by his first name. He never drinks anything but champagne, and his appetite usually demands terrapin and canvasback duck. His stomach is double-plated with copper and his cheek is triple-plated with brass. He has fur on his topcoat and diamonds wherever they will show. He affects peroxide blondes and considerably pitches his big voice so high that his wisecracks may be heard by all. His "roll" is always large and the biggest bill is generally on the outside. Walters worship him and hackmen prostrate themselves at his approach. In his own estimation, at least, he is the King of Broadway.

Of course, this description does not apply to all the men in the wine business. Exceptions prove all rules and in this instance proof is furnished by such modest and retiring gentlemen as Mr. Edgar Gibbs Murphy and "Count" George Kessler, neither of whom could be induced to speak above the mezzo voice or to refer to a rival wine as "older vinegar."

This line of thought has been suggested to me by the fact that we are to have an accession to the ranks of our "Bizz" pushers. He is no less a personage than the Vicomte de Castellane, a near relative of Count "Powderpuff" de Castellane, who is now the husband of Anna Gould, but not the husband of her millions.

The Vicomte is coming over about the first of April, and expects to make a fortune in selling the Castellane wines to Americans. These wines are not popular in Paris. They are referred to by the French as "tizzan." But the Vicomte hopes to create a different palate in this country by playing upon his title and emphasizing his family connection with the Goulds.

It is not improbable that he may do a little business for a little while by this means, but titles are too common in the wine trade to prove very effective, and the name of Gould can have no weight one way or the other in this connection.

Count "Powderpuff" by the way, has acquired a large interest in the Grand Hotel, Paris, and the way he awells around the corridors of that hostelry is a sight to see.

He is a boniface in fact, as well as in name now, but it isn't likely that he will undertake to push "tizzan" down the throats of the Parisians.

Every racing chappie in the community will regret the necessity of the sale of the Monmouth Park race track.

There is no place in this country so rich in sporting memories as Long Branch was when Monmouth Park attained the zenith of its glory.

But the regret of chappies over this sale is purely sentimental. Many of us watched the growth and development of this race track by the late David Dunham Withers, and it seems a pity that all the intelligence, earnestness, energy, time and money that he expended in creating the finest thing of the kind in America, if not in the world, should now go for nothing.

It will be of interest to the somewhat limited but very enthusiastic circle of Mr. Frederick Diodate Thompson's intimates to learn that that distinguished authority on Oriental history, manners and customs has been received in private audience by the Khedive of Egypt.

Just how long Mr. Thompson will remain in Cairo the news accounts do not indicate. It is probable, however, that he will soon be making his way to Constantinople, to visit the Sultan of Turkey, who is also an intimate friend of his.

The chappies are taking a more than languid interest in the Sportsmen's Show now current in Madison Square Garden.

They don't know much about fly casting and other finer points of the show, but it is the thing nowadays to be able to talk sport of some kind or other, and the Sportsmen's Show is instructive as well as entertaining.

Moreover, a lot of swells are directly interested in the exhibition, and that always appeals to dudedom.

There is just a touch of religion in the show, too, which may be for the sake of Lent. Dr. Rainford and the Rev. Tom Dixon are both advertised as participants. Rainford is a thorough sportsman. He is an expert with gun or rod. But where the Rev. Tom comes in I can't see, unless it is in an ironical sense. The only sporting exploit I ever heard of in connection with him was his arrest and due for shooting robins on Staten Island.

In connection with the approaching marriage of Miss Fannie Pryor to Mr. De Leftwich Dodge, it is gravely announced that "as a Christmas gift for Mrs. Pryor, Mr. Dodge decorated the ceiling of the parlor of Judge Pryor's new house."

A son-in-law like that is both ornamental and useful.

Two distinguished outside chappies are now lending the glory of their pulchritudinous countenances to enhance the joy of the town.

They are T. Sanford Beatty (one t, please) and Barclay Greckford Warburton, and the electric lights in the Waldorf always grow dim when they enter the hotel.

Beatty, whose economy in letters suggests the "I" singularity of Van Allen, is enjoying a small legacy, recently acquired, while he trains his whiskers for the coming campaign at Newport.

Beatty's whiskers, by the way, are an invention in the hirsute capillarity of chappiedom. He shaves his cheeks and jaws, but lets a thing grow on his chin that, in shape at least, resembles nothing so much as the arrowheads discovered in Toltec excavations. The effect is odd but fetching. It also furnishes a foil to the curling tresses of Beatty's appreciation of him.

As for Mr. B. Greckford Warburton, I am of the opinion that he is growing altogether too green for Righteous claims to Holbein beauty. He ought to go into training. A little dallying with the discs will do him good.

Dr. Ruiz's Family.

(From La Patria, of New York, March 13.) Last Tuesday the family of Dr. Ruiz, who was miserably murdered in Guanahua Prison by the Spaniards, arrived in this city by the steamer Seneca.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....	In Old Kentucky	Knickerbocker Theatre.....	The Serenade
American Theatre.....	At Play Ridge	Luxembourg Theatre.....	The Mayflower
Bijou.....	Courted Into Court	Metropolitan Opera House.....	The Magic Flute
Madison Square Garden.....	Exposition	Madison Square Garden.....	Exposition
Columbus Theatre.....	A Midnight Bell	Murray Hill.....	Old Lavender
Daly's.....	The Gelsia	Olympia-Music Hall, Vanvorville, 816 P. M.	
Eden Music.....	Under the Red Hole	People's Theatre.....	Brother for Brother
Fifth Ave. Theatre.....	Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pastor's Theatre.....	Vandellie
Grand Opera House.....	On Broadway	Pleasure Palace-Music Hall, 130 P. M.	
Gaiety Theatre.....	Never Again	Proctor's 25d St.-Continous, Noon to 11	
Garden Theatre.....	Heartsease	Star Theatre.....	The Boys of Killarney
Harold Square.....	My Friend from India	Third Avenue Theatre.....	True Irish Riel
Herald Theatre.....	The Girl from Paris	Wallack's.....	For Bonnie Prince Charlie
Hilltop Opera House.....	An American Beauty	Weber & Fields.....	Under the Red Globe
Hunter's 4th St. Music.....	Tandewille	14th St. Theatre.....	Sweet Inniscarra
Kaith's.....	Continous Performance		
Koster & Bial's.....	Vandellie		

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally fair in the morning; probably threatening, with showers, in the evening; winds shifting to northeasterly.

CHIMMIES VIEWS ON FIGHTS
AND PARIS.

By
E. W. Townsend.

"SAY, our folks won't be fit to talk straight till dat fight comes off. His Whiskers has made a sneak t' Carson already, and Mr. Burton and Mr. Paul is doing a lot of talking about a mine dey owns out in a place called Colorado which I don't know where it is, only its furder West dan Niagara Falls, what I taut was West t' de limit."

"I'm de only one dat knows on de dead straight where His Whiskers has went. 'He told Miss Fannie dat he had t' go t' Chicago, what's de place where Columbus discovered de World's Fair, on business; and Miss Fannie says how dreadful, and had a lot of tings cooked for His Whiskers t' take along wid him."

"Mr. Burton looks sorry, too; and he asks His Whiskers if he couldn't do de business for him in Chicago, as it might be dangerous for His Whiskers t' go out in de wilderness at his time of life. Den His Whiskers he looked hard at Mr. Burton, and Mr. Burton looked hard at His Whiskers, and His Whiskers says, solemn, 'No, Burton,' says he, 'no, my boy, if eider of us is t' lose our lives fronting de dangers of Chicago, let it be me, cause you is more important for Miss Fannie and de little one.'

"Den His Whiskers covered his mug wid his napkin, but I was filling his glass wid wine, and I seed dat he was giving Mr. Burton de laugh, and I tumbled t' de game."

"De next day when I went t' de station wid him, I checked his baggage t' Carson all right, all right, and when I gives him de checks he looks at em, and digs up a fiver and gives t' me, saying, 'You is a wise young man, Chammes, but keep your wisdom t' yourself. Me baggage's checked for Carson, but my address is Chicago.'

"Well, de old sport went away, and den Mr. Paul began talking t' Mr. Burton about dat Colorado mine, till Miss Fannie says dat de mine could wait till her fadder come back, and den dey was bote against it, cause dey was halt on dat His Whiskers wouldn't be back till de fight was over."

"But dat wasn't what I was goin' t' tell you about, only except—say, you'd never be tired—de coachman's kid and me had a scrap in de barn for a purse. Well, honest, I never had so much fun in me life. De kid—say, he's no kid, all right—weighs more dan me, and is more longer on de reach, only he never lived on de Bowery."

"He has been getting gay about boxing lately, so I told him t' say wood and not talk till he could put up a fiver, and den I'd argue wid him."

"He collared de fiver somehow, all right, and Mr. Paul said he'd act as referee, when I told him we was going t' dispute de question wid de mittens."

"Honest, I wish dat Carson fight was over, for dere aint nothing else talked about down at our place."

"How did I come out wid de kid? Say, I aint stuck on talking about me own game. I done him; but it was no win in a romp. I taught dat kid how t' box, so he was on t' me curves, but at de end of de t' round I took de stakes all right."

"But de Duchess, she has been curing de off color of me peepers ever since. De wolst of it was dat de Duchess made me give up de ten I'd won, telling me she'd peach t' Miss Fannie if I didn't. If dat golt would only forget t' touch me for de boodle I earns on de side, I'd have t' t' melt."

"But dat's a funny thing about women, and forn women in particular. Dey only likes de money dey can save, and not de money dey can spend. I guess I'm a farmer about money, for I never had any dat did me any good except de money I spent. But de Duchess never don't have any joy out of money till she gets it sunk away in de bank."

"Now, say, what t'ell! If de boodle is in de bank it might as well be in de bottom of de sea, like McGinty, for all de joy you get out of it. Aint dat right?"

"I told dat t' de Duchess one day, and she says, 'Chammes,' says she, 'Chammes, you is a fool.'"

"Let it go at dat, Duchess," says I. "But why?"

"If you spend your money," says she, "how can we go home on it?"

"Home?" says I. "We is home now."

"Non," she says.

"Oh, de Bowery?" says I.

"Non," says she. "Paris!"

"Paris?" I says. "Dat is in forn parts. Whose home is dat?"

"Yours, Chammes," she says, "and mine and everybody's."

"What for?" I says. "Dere is odders. Paris isn't so very warm."

"Warm?" says de Duchess, turning up her eyes till dey was all white, 'Chammes, de hottest part of New York is a leechest alongside of de coldest part of Paris, and we has near enough saved t' go dere and live de rest of our lives."

"Say, is dat golt a wonder? But we aint goin' t' pay our own way over t' dese forn parts, at dat. Our folks is going over in de Summer, and we is t' be took along, and when we gets t' Paris de Duchess says she'll show me tricks dat I'll never get tired."



"I done him; but it was no win in a romp."

"The Jesters' Chorus."

"If your love for me were real," the heroine in the play exclaimed, with beaming bosom, "you would not seek me here. You would wait for me at the stage entrance."

Assuredly the real was not easy of accurate delineation in the drama, particularly in the matter of love, where tanks and high shot-towers would be of little or no avail.—Detroit Journal.

"It was careless!" mused the advertising manager, in a melancholy tone.

"To what do you refer?"

"The manner in which they put that prima donna's indorsement of our cure for a cold on the same page with the announcement that she has a sore throat and cannot sing."—Washington Star.

He—I saw you at the theatre last night, and I was greatly pleased to notice that you removed your hat during the performance.

She—Yes, I saw you, too—three times, I believe. Once you were going out and twice you were coming in. Wouldn't it be nice if the gentlemen had as much consideration for the ladies as the ladies have for the gentlemen—I mean for the male performers?

After that he could find no good reason for remaining, so he gave him his hat and cane.—Cleveland Leader.

Wallace—I believe the business revival has set in already.

Perry—It only seems that way. Many of the fellows we saw hunting jobs are gone to Washington.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Henry—How are you and Miss Casheleib, the daughter of the great banker, getting along? Haven't you succeeded yet in winning her love?

Horace—Yes, I've won her love, but I'll not be able to tell until after St. Patrick's Day whether it'll do me any good or not.

Henry—How's that?

Horace—I've given her father a tip on the prize fight. All will depend upon whether I guessed right or not.—Cleveland Leader.

He got it in the neck.

For a moment there was a terrible struggle, and the spectators held their breath with awe.

A lump rose in his throat, and then—the

giraffe had managed to get the ball of popcorn down.

And they all breathed easier.—Pittsburg News.

"Do you know," said the man who reads, "I have begun to have my doubts about the nativity of the King of Greece."

"Why, there's nothing obscure about it," said the man who knows.

"I know, but he has been making himself so numerous of late I thought he must be an Ohio man."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She covered her face with her hands.

"He follows me everywhere," she moaned.

"He has designs upon me."

When they went to him and bade him desist, he blasphemed; vowed he would have his designs on the pay for the same; asked them if they thought he was in the military business for his health.—Detroit Journal.

"He says you ought to be grateful to him, because he put you on your feet after your failure. Did he?"

"Well, he bought my horse and carriage."—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Wilton—Mr. Hedley seems to be just crazy for my daughter Julia.

Mrs. Furber—Oh, it isn't for your daughter. He was born that way, poor fellow.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Dismal Dawson—Could you help a pore gent—Wickwax—Huh! What sort of a gent do you call yourself?

"An idiot."

Dashaway—Thanks, old man. I would like to dine with you this evening, but I have an engagement.

Cleveland—Is it a pressing engagement?

"It's with a girl."—Detroit Free Press.

"I suppose," remarked Squidly, "that the prize fight will be conducted under the Margins of Queensberry rules."

"Not at all," replied McSwilligen. "That authority has been supplanted by another."

"What is the new authority?"

"Cushing's Manual."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I've cured our next-door neighbor of borrowing our lawn mower."

"How did you arrange it?"

"Deed! He did it. I sent over and borrowed his bicycle."—Chicago Record.

Talk of the
Literary Shop.

An agent of Mr. Arthur Pearson, the London publisher, has been in New York recently, arranging for special correspondence and cablegrams for his employer's new venture, the Daily American, which is to be published before long in London. Mr. Pearson is an enterprising London business man who admires and studies American methods and has accumulated a fortune by following them, although he has thereby incurred the displeasure of some of his old foggy competitors. He has discovered that the American population of Great Britain and the Continent is numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and that nearly every one of these exiles retains a deep interest in the affairs of the home country. This is especially true of newly arrived Americans, who would give anything if they could find out on the day of landing what has taken place in the United States during their absence. It is said that the projector of this new enterprise has had the good sense to secure as his correspondents American newspaper men, who know just what sort of things will interest their travelling compatriots.

"Naval Actions of the War of 1812" is enjoying a very large sale, to the intense disappointment of several of the author's warmest friends, who had always insisted upon it that "Jim Barnes couldn't write a book to save his neck." Mr. Barnes is a graduate of Princeton and comes of fighting stock, his father and many of his immediate relations having been in either the army or the navy. He was employed for some time in Scribner's and afterward found employment in Franklin square, where his book is published. He is a young man who follows the prevailing clean-shaven vogue and is fortunate in the possession of a great many friends outside the class already referred to, being distinctly popular in society and club-land.

Mr. H. J. W. Dain is a Californian by birth and removed to this city about ten years ago to take a position on the Times. He afterward went to London as assistant to Mr. Harold Frederick, the correspondent of that paper, and there fell into playwrighting habits. He is the author of "The Shop Girl," "The Silver Shell" and other more or less successful pieces. That he is a man of remarkable versatility is shown by the articles on scientific subjects which he is now contributing to McClure's Magazine.

While speaking of literary versatility let us not forget that Mr. Oliver Herford, who has been known heretofore as an agreeable writer and an artist of much humorous talent as well, has recently added a new laurel to his brow by purchasing a new overcoat and discarding the mouse-colored vestment with which the present generation of New Yorkers has long been familiar. It is believed that this important step was taken by Mr. Herford to commemorate the success achieved in a single night by his sister, who has captivated the town with her clever monologue.

A book that has proved unusually successful in London this season is "Travels in West Africa," by Miss Mary Kingsley. It is the record of an extraordinary expedition undertaken by a young lady who, in speech, physique and manner is like anything but an Amazon, or the much-talked-of "new woman." Escorted by a small native body guard, she travelled through a country in which white persons had never before been seen, and strange as it may seem, was treated everywhere, even in the land of the cannibals, with the utmost respect and courtesy. Miss Kingsley is the niece and not the daughter, of the late Canon Charles Kingsley, and she has upheld an honored name by her conscientious labors in a field from which innumerable fakes have looted so much free advertising.

TUMPTY-TUM.

Though New Jersey is mosquitoed, the mosquito's not unquoted;

Now he spreads his elfin winglets on the heron-haunted mere;

And the screens are from the garret by the small boy rudely tossed,

And the hoons of the pocus puts a focus on the beer.

Oh, the tom cat tunc his tumbrel in the branches of the maple,

Which will shortly flash its sgrub to the chirrup of the cake,

While the legend breathes the spirit of the illustrated staple

On the rock beside the brooklet where the iris lifts the drake.

From the fingers of the drayman the elusive bed slits dripping,

And we hear the shanghai rooster raise his optimistic pipe,

Oh, the dahlia's on its muscle, and the skipper's gaily skipping,

And the bullroff is in blossom and the shad is blowing ripe.

Oh, the circus of the zephyr puts a girldle;

There's a precedence of the duster in the booming of the bee.

Oh, the small boy takes his pikra, as the sprinter takes the hurdle,

And the billy bithly burbles while he holds the boot in fee.

There's a symphony in neckties; there's a song and dance in sweaters,

And an estedford in collars at the haberdasher's now;

And the dithyrambic gurgle of the book our soul unfetters—

It's the thing that knocks the ripple off the bluebird on the bough.

Oh, the merry carpet-beater's rosy red and madly puffing—

Like the grampus on the campus he is puffing with his hit;

From the Persian rug he's knocking all the Persian powder stuffing,

And the moth is fast at flying, for the lamp of Spring is lit.

H. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Suggestion.

(St. Louis Republic.)

When the widow of the martyred Rule calls on President McKinley the latter might say that the official seal will never make a war. But it was not the unofficial people who fired on the Christians in Crete.

The Unofficial People.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Some of the gold standard newspapers still hold to the belief that by continuing to call Mr. Bryan an ass they can demonstrate that business is improving.